National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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W. J. Carlton 226 West Grand st. C

THE C. C. C.

Monthly Meetings of the Club of Curious Characters.

ONLY TWO SURVIVORS.

A Journey Into the Interior with the Natives.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

The Tree-Livers and their English Chief.

BY LIEUT. MASON A. SHUFELDT, U. S. N.

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PART II—continued.

WE BUILD A RAFT.

I DO not intend," said the Man with the Hump, "to go much into the details of the wreck of the Belle. I am more anxious to approach the real subject of my story—the queer being I met, conversed with and entertained a peculiar sort of regard for—than to waste words upon the ordinary wreck of a ship. The wreck of a human being has much more interest to me. I will say, however, that out of the whole crew of the Belle, the big Lascar and I were the only ones that reached the shore. All the rest were drowned. At least, I never saw any of them afterwards. In the morning we saw the wreck of the brig. It was then calm and still, and very hot. She lay about half a mile outside, with her bow well up, and both her masts gone by the board. As soon as the Lascar and I recovered sufficient strength we walked along the beach, and took a look about us. I knew the island well, and, talking to the Lascar, drew a rough picture on the hot, white sand with a bit of stick.

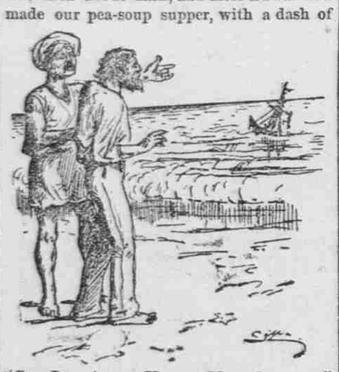
"We found plenty of fruit on the shores of the Island, so we did not starve. The Lascar, whose name was Zuwai, also discovered the entrance of a little creek into the ocean, about half a mile from where we were washed ashore, so we moved down by its side, and in a day or two had succeeded in building for ourselves the makeshift of a hut of dried banana leaves and young bamboo. The greatest quantity of the latter grew upon the banks of this little stream. We saw no natives, or any sign of human beings. We had no instruments or arms, and it very soon suggested itself to us to attempt to reach the wreck and supply ourselves with what things we could find. For four days Zuwai and myself toiled at this our new undertaking. We first gathered all the fallen bamboo we could find, and by united strength or with heavy stones broke them into pieces varying from 10 to 20 feet in length. Then we broke down the green bamboo, such as we could, and so commenced our raft. We used a green, tough vine that grew abundantly in the undergrowth to lash our poles together. We worked hard and steadily for more than a week before we succeeded in completing our structure. I was highly satisfied with the result, for when we had launched the raft, and Zuwai and I got upon it, it remained at least a foot out of water.

"We took four of the longest poles we could find, and one bright, calm day began to make our way seaward. I argued that we could touch bottom all the way to the Belle; either that, or she had struck on a sand-spit or shoal, which I doubted. As luck would have it, my first idea proved correct, and we had but little trouble in poling our raft out to the ship, though it took us all one morning. We found the Belle well up by the bows on a steep sand-spit, with her stern almost level with the water. She was broken in the middle, with her foremast hanging over her starboard knightheads. The mainmast still stood, and I was delighted to see her only boat had been torn from its lashings and washed aft against the break of her poop, but had not gone overboard. The blue water was lapping around her gently as we pushed toward her, and myriads of fish were swimming about her. We were soon alongside, and making fast our raft, Zuwai and I clambered on board. My first action was to examine the boat critically. It had sustained but little injury, though a seam or two was badly opened, which I knew we could readily repair from material on board. I quote here from my diary up to the period when Zuwai and I finally left the unfortunate brig. I called it Nov. 3, though I was not, by any means, sure of the date:

"'Nov. 3, 1878—Reached the Belle in our raft about noon and got on board. Examined the boat, and determined immediately to calk and attempt to get her over the side. Glad mainmast and mainyard were standing. Found plenty of oakum and calking tools in the carpenter's chest under the forecastle. Went to work. Zuwai started a fire in the cookhouse and boiled some pea-soup. After that set him to work bracing up mainyard and digging out all the tackles he could find. Dark when I finished. Had some pea soup and hard bread. No signs of any person on the brig. Zuwai and I slept in the cabin. End of the first day.

THE BOAT LANCHED.

"'Nov. 4, 1878—Got boat in the water today in the following manner: First thing, made a span, as sailors call it, from the ring in the bow to the ring in the stern. This we hauled well taut and secured. Zuwai had dug out from the hold and elsewhere about the ship four double jiggers or luffs—that is, tackles with double blocks or pulleys at each end of the fall or tackle. The lower block of one of these tackles I hooked to the center of the span and lashed it well. The upper block I hooked to a strap around the mainyard, which Zuwai and I had braced as nearly as possible over the boat. The fall, or hauling part, of my jigger led up from the lower block; this I hooked to the lower block of another double jigger, the upper block of which I lashed to the masthead. The fall of the second jigger also led up; this I ran through a single block some distance above the masthead, and brought it down on deck; to it I hooked another double jigger, and brought its fall to the little capstan on the forecastle. What I wanted was power, and by this system I obtained for Zuwai and me as much power as could have been obtained by our whole crew if alive. We had to raise the boat only a few feet anyway. By noon we had her swinging on the gunwale of the brig. Then we took the lee mainbrace to the capstan, and having secured our jigger, we braced the mainyard square. I had already secured a line from the bow of the boat to the brig. The boat hung but a few feet above the water. The Lascar, taking a knife he had found in the carpenter's chest, clambered aloft and out on the mainyard. At a signal from me he cut the falls of yard jigger, which rapidly unrove, and our precious boat dropped slowly into the water. I hauled her alongside and secured her. It was then about dark, and after Zuwai had made our pea-soup supper, with a dash of



"SHE LAY ABOUT HALF A MILE OUTSIDE."

salt pork in it, in the cookhouse, we went to bed, pretty well tired out.

"'Nov. 5, 1878.—A perfectly calm morning. Hardly a breath of air, and the sea as smooth as glass. Very early we began to rummage the ship. We loaded the raft, intending to tow her ashore with the boat. We found both sails and oars for the latter.'

"I kept a list of everything we placed on the raft. I have that list still. It is here (and the Man with the Hump took an old piece of yellow paper from his pocket), and the articles were these:

"The Captain's watch, which we found hanging in his room; the following arms in a chest in the after-part of the cabin (I did not know before of their existence, nor do I know now for what use he had intended them)—four revolvers, three short swords or cutlasses, and nine Remington short carbines and an abundance of ammunition; two fowling-pieces, with ammunition; two bolts of canvas, with needles and twine; several pairs of boots and shoes and half a dozen suits of clothing we picked up about; all the fishing-tackle we could find; all the tools in the carpenter's chest and all that we could find elsewhere about the vessel; the medicine chest; a sextant and all the writing material we could scrape together; also, waterproof clothes, razors and soap, with small hand-glass, a large box of trading beads, small German trinkets, etc., such as trading skippers use amongst the natives; two barrels of beef (with which we had much trouble), three boxes of crackers, a small barrel of Singapore rum, a keg of pickles, some canned vegetables, and a small chart of the island, which I fortunately found among the Captain's effects. I could not find an artificial horizon, but I took several books with me.

"By this time the raft was deeply laden, and it was getting late. We decided to start for the shore. We made the raft fast to the boat, and Zuwai taking one oar I handled the other, and we shoved away from the brig. It was long after dark and the moon well up before the keel of our boat grated on the sands of Madagascar and we jumped out. We pulled the raft into the mouth of the creek and secured her for the night. The boat we then dragged up on the beach and took her little anchor well inshore and buried it in the sand. Then the Lascar and I sought our old hut again and were soon asleep, worn out by the exertions of the day.

"We never revisited the brig. The next morning when we awoke the sky everywhere was dark and lowering. Fitful gusts of wind came across the placid sea and rustled the big-leaved trees of the dense forest in our rear. Then intense stillness would follow. I knew the tropics well and knew what to expect, and so did Zuwai. We worked hard all that dark morning unloading our precious raft. About noon we got everything out of her and carried all up to our rude hut. Here we covered everything with the waterproofs, the canvas, dried leaves—anything we could secure. In the meantime it had begun to rain. Our next attention was to the boat. I was afraid to take her up the creek, as I knew that in a few hours it would become a raging torrent. I was equally afraid to leave her on the beach, as I knew that if the wind came from seaward, thundering breakers would come rolling to our very feet. We finally decided to haul her up the creek as far as we could take her, and then drag her ashore; as the farther up we went, the less the violence and velocity of the swollen stream. We did this. We first pulled her, I should say, about half a mile up the little river, when she grounded. We tried to pole her farther. We did a little way; then, being opposite a big cocoa tree, we headed her ashore and made shift to get her about half out of water. We could do no more than that, but we made her well fast to the cocoa tree and returned to our rude hut. At about 3 in the afternoon the tropic

STORM HAD BURST UPON US

in all its fury.

"I do not intend," said the Man with the Hump, "to go into the details of the next three terrible days, for the rain that came in torrents, the wind that howled and the thunder that never ceased, lasted that time. At the end of it Zuwai and I dragged ourselves out of our wretched, water-soaked hut, to look upon a blazing tropical sun, a shining sea of blue that broke in endless ripples on the everlasting sandy beach, and to hear the chirping of countless birds in the grandest of all green trees that build a forest.

"But the Belle had disappeared, and walking towards us down the sands we saw a group of naked natives, with great bushy heads of oily hair, carrying in their hands the characteristic assegais.

"Zuwai and I already knew that our stores were safe. We did not know as yet about our boat. However, I stepped out boldly to meet the approaching natives. They showed naturally great astonishment, but exhibited no evidence of fear. They advanced to me quite naturally, and all began talking at once. I soon discovered them to be of the East Coast tribe, the Betsimasaraka race, a harmless, indolent and generally inoffensive people, who have much to do with the European traders from Mauritius and the French Island of Bourbon. I walked with them to our hut. Zuwai, to my astonishment, could make himself well understood by them. He gave me to understand that a small town called Mahanoro was the nearest place to reach on the coast. It was 200 miles, they thought, north of where we had been wrecked. I asked them, through Zuwai, how about crossing the island from where we were. They said that the interior tribe, the Tanalas, were a bad, vicious race. I asked them if they would accompany me. They replied that they belonged to a small Betsimasaraka village about 20 miles south of us, and would consult their Chief. Zuwai had already given them each a big drink of the rum, and made presents of some beads and cheap knives. At about noon they departed to the southward, promising to be back in three days. I told Zuwai to put the stores that had been damaged by the rain out on the hot sands to dry. I left him, and through thick underbrush and tangled vines took my way up the creek, now much swollen. After many struggles, and almost exhausted, I reached the place where we had secured the boat. I recognized the cocoa tree, and saw, still tied about it, the remnants of the rope with which we had secured the pinnacle.

THE BOAT WAS GONE!

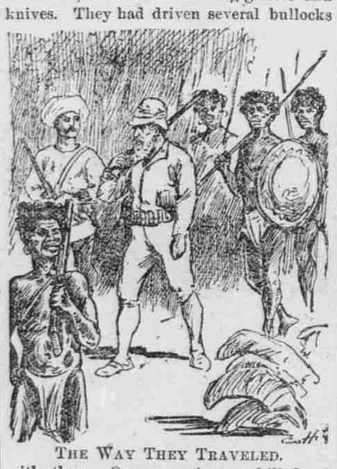
"I got back to the hut as the stars were coming out, and found Zuwai still busy restowing our now precious stores.

"'The boat is gone, Zuwai!' I said.

"'I make fearee so,' he said, calmly. 'I thinkee, massa; I thinkee, Sahib, we mus' walkee!'

"We went then to bed.

"A little after noon of the fourth day after the loss of our boat, I was sitting on the beach looking seaward, when the Lascar, who had been sitting in the hut, came running to me and pointed up the sands. I saw a great crowd of our Betsimasaraka friends approaching. They evidently conducted some person of distinction, for a body-guard preceded the greater crowd, and kept continually shouting, dancing, waving their assegais, or clattering their hidebound shields together. They soon arrived quite near to us, but I did not alter my position. Then they formed a semi-circle, and all, save a few, squatted upon the sand. Two finally approached me, and thrusting their assegais in the sand, as a token of friendship, informed me, through Zuwai, the object of their visit. The Chief himself had come to greet me. They had decided to send a force with me across the Tanala country. Then followed what is known in Madagascar as the "Kabari," or Council. I sent first to the Chief some rum, then some beads for his first wife, then some looking-glasses and knives. They had driven several bullocks



THE WAY THEY TRAVELED.

with them. One was at once killed. A fire was built upon the sands, and it was roasted. Finally I approached the circle and took my place opposite the Chief. A long and tedious conversation followed, all through Zuwai. More rum was furnished and more beads. Another bullock was killed with much ceremony. Then I finally asked the Chief about the journey across the Tanala country to the French settlement at Tullear Bay. He replied that he had brought 60 men to take me. He called out in a loud and half-drunken voice for them to appear. There was a rush about the dying fire. I saw a crowd of naked men dancing about its embers, and striking, in tune, their hard-wood shields with their assegais. They sang, too, in unison a native song which Zuwai afterwards translated to me:

"'We will go with the White Chief; yes, we go;
We go to the Tanala people, they will cheer us;
Their women are beautiful in the Tanala land;
We are brave; we fear not them; we will go;
The White Chief is brave; we are a mighty people.'

"It was nearly morning when I took the Chief to my own hut, much to Zuwai's disgust. Long before my drowsy lids closed finally I could hear in the still, tropical air the sounds of the jumble of many voices, the peculiar twang of spear against hidebound shield and the monotonous native voices chanting:

"'We will go with the White Chief; yes, we go.'

"We had been traveling as straight west as I could determine. We were in the very heart of

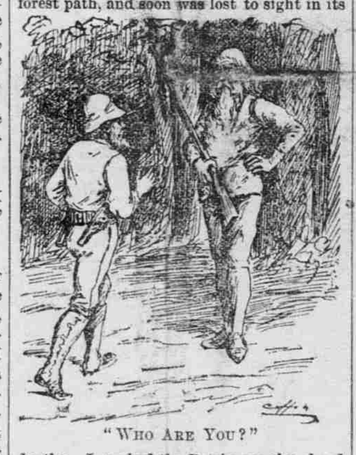
THE TANALA COUNTRY,

a region that, as yet, no white man had dared to explore. It seemed to me to be but one vast forest, interspersed here and there with less densely wooded lands, upon which an occasional village rested. These we always avoided. I had distributed my arms and ammunition judiciously. I carried two of the revolvers and a carbine, with the requisite ammunition. Zuwai had the other two revolvers and also a carbine. The seven remaining carbines and the swords I had distributed to the best of the Betsimasaraka as I could judge. The fowling-pieces were carried by two men, who always kept by my side. The stores were carried, slung upon bamboo poles, between two natives, who were also always near me. Zuwai generelly took the lead and I brought up the rear. In this way we traveled, camping at night and breaking out early in the morning.

"On the 13th day from our start from Belle Creek, as I had named it, late one afternoon, when the head of the party I knew were preparing to camp, I was tramping along quite alone, save a Betsimasaraka, who had been my constant companion, when I heard a strange rustling in the leaves of a certain tree that extended over the forest path. Then I saw descending what I took at first for a large specimen of the gorilla. The object clambered down the trunk, and in a moment stood before me. I can, even at this moment, hardly describe him. He was a man—certainly that. He was not more than four feet tall, and wore a very long beard and flowing hair that fell in luxuriant curls upon his neck and shoulders. His skin was as white as my own, and he wore about his loins a heavy strip of what I afterwards learned was the native cloth of that region. In a moment he stood glaring at me. The Betsimasaraka ran back to me, fairly shaking with terror.

"'Obanakari! Obanakari! Obanakari!' he shouted.

"The strange creature bounded down the forest path, and soon was lost to sight in its



"WHO ARE YOU?"

depths. I pushed the Betsimasaraka ahead of me and hurried on to join my party. In about half an hour I succeeded in doing that, and sent word ahead that I wished to see Zuwai. In an open space we reached I found my whole party. They had formed themselves into a sort of rude square. The Lascar was with them. The open space left about them, and every tree in the vicinity, seemed literally swarming with the strange people, a specimen of which I had so lately seen. I reached Zuwai and hurriedly asked him who they were.

"'The Betsimasaraka say that they are the Pigmy Race of the South Tanala Country—

THE TREE-LIVERS.

They are not dangerous. They live entirely in the trees, and eat only fruit. They are trying to persuade our people to call upon their Chief, whom they say lives but a few miles from where we are. Shall we go?' (I have not given the above answer in Zuwai's broken dialect, but in plain English; it was what he meant.)

"Suddenly, as Zuwai and I were talking, there was a great rustling of the branches of the trees all about us, a general scampering of naked feet, and in less time than it takes me to repeat it every one of the strange creatures had disappeared, and there stood on the edge of the now rapidly-darkening forest the figure of a white man, who held in one hand a long and ancient rifle, while he rested his other upon his hip. He was a man of enormous proportions. His long hair fell stiffly upon his shoulders. He wore a course suit of native cloth. He stood there in the gathering gloom and looked steadily at us all. I pushed my way through the group of Batsimasaraka and advanced straight towards him.

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"He scanned me long from head to foot before he answered.

"'My English name is Spencer. My native name is Rizanzikari. I am Chief of the White Tree-Livers of the Tanala Country. Come with me, you need not be afraid.'

"I followed him down the forest path."

[To be continued.]

Gold in Georgia.

Gold-mining in Georgia is quite active now, and all the mines are represented as making money. There are over 40 of these in Dahlonega and neighborhood, where gold has been mined for many years. One, which has been worked for many years, has yielded in all over $2,000,000. In another mine one pocket yielded over $72,000. Last Summer two men went into an abandoned mine and pounded out of the rocks there $240 in one day. The United States had a mint at Dahlonega before the war. The coins made there have a D below the eagle.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Operations in Virginia During the Year 1862.

IMPROVISED TACTICS.

The Justly-Celebrated Virginia Hams.

SHIELDS AND JACKSON.

Jackson Guessing the Strength of Our Army.

BY DR. HENRY CAPEHART, LATE BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDING THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, KNOWN AS CUSTER'S.

II.

IN passing, it may be said that although the tactics of Shields and Kimball in the battle were improvised, they resembled somewhat those of Napoleon in his masterpiece of Austerlitz. Yet, it is more than probable, had any of the most prominent of our regularly-educated Generals then in the East been in command, they would immediately have begun to retreat as soon as Jackson attacked on the flank—a dread of which ever haunted them, and for which they seemed to think there was no help but to fall back, endeavoring to avoid a fight. Retreat would probably have resulted in greater loss to us, and less to Jackson, of course, and besides would have acted injuriously on the morale of both officers and men. As it was, from Shields downward, they believed they could fight Jackson successfully at any time, and give him odds. On the other hand, Jackson and his men lost confidence, and cannot be said to have fairly recovered from the blow during the campaign.

At first, however, Shields and Kimball hardly realized the thoroughness of Jackson's defeat, and believing that he had with him about 11,000 men, and rumors abounding that Longstreet was at his back with a large force, Shields swept his posts and sent for reinforcements. Banks returning with fresh troops, resumed command. At daybreak the following morning pursuit was begun.

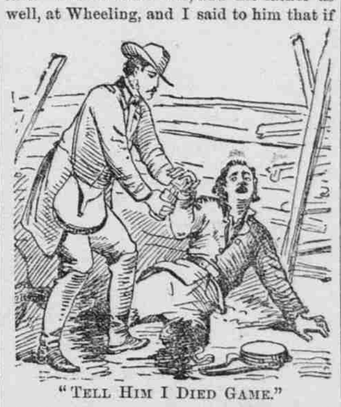
Some miles out Ashby was encountered, who fought off our advance very skillfully and gallantly, making use of every available position to plant his guns, constantly exposing himself, mounted on a magnificent black horse, to our fire. However, just before sunset, Cedar Creek (the scene of Sheridan's dramatic battle) was reached—about 15 miles from Kernstown. As we were approaching there was a battery of brass howitzers in the meadow beyond the mill, firing back at us. Jenks's battery was moved up, and after a few shots the enemy's battery pulled out into the turnpike and was about moving off, when Daum sighted a 12-pounder Parrott and sent over a shell, which burst just in their midst, killing men and horses and knocking things to splinters generally, though the guns were run off. Perhaps

A FEW MORE KILLING SHOTS

were ever made, if report was true, on both Federal and Confederate authority, for it was said to have killed nine men and wounded 13. I went over soon after with hospital attendants and ambulances to care for the wounded. Among those mortally wounded was one who immediately recognized me, and when I drew near he said:

"Doc, I'm done for."

Both his legs were torn off near the body, and the hue of death was fast settling in his face. I had known him, and his father as well, at Wheeling, and I said to him that if



"TELL HIM I DIED GAME."

he had any word to send to his father I would take it. Gathering his little remaining strength, as if making an effort to hold on to life for a few brief seconds longer, he replied in gasps: "Well, Doc, tell—the old man—I died—game!" and sank into his last sleep. His name was James Robinson, and he had entered the Confederate service among the first. There were other incidents here, perhaps, worth recounting, but I must forbear. Let me say, however, that I had had nothing to eat since the morning previous, save a hardtack and a cup of coffee in the night when caring for the wounded, and I had become more than anxious as to getting anything, as no supplies had been brought up, and McClellan's orders had made foraging from the enemy a serious offense. Fortunately, if not providentially, I met an old friend, Lieut. Joseph Morton, of an independent compan[illegible]vn as

THE BLEGGOLD CAVALRY,

who invited me to sup with him at his headquarters under the shelter of a tree; at the same time giving me the information that the menu would be fried ham, flapjacks and coffee. It is needless to say how joyfully the opportunity was embraced. The Lieutenant, in person, executed the duties of chef; and my opinion at the time was that he proved himself most wonderfully expert. Seated on the grass, the banquet had hardly begun when he looked up and remarked earnestly:

"Doctor, I did something to-day that I would sooner cut off my right hand than do back home."

For a moment I feared for my appetite, and asked:

"What could you possibly have done so bad as that, Joe?"

"I stole the ham we're eating from a smokehouse as we came along the pike this afternoon. I am sure it was a rebel smokehouse, though. What do you think about it?" he replied.

As I have intimated, he had committed a serious military offense, which might have subjected him to dismissal, but my mind was relieved, and laughing outright, I told him that as far as I was concerned I forgave him from the bottom of my heart. I even justified the proceeding, and pronouncing strongly against McClellan's too great delicacy as to the property of Confederates (though I believe most of us then thought McClellan another Napoleon), and condemned it; but I admit my mind, influenced by my appetite, was hardly in a condition to give a thoroughly impartial judgment. At all events, it may be doubted whether any of the most sumptuous repasts ever served in a gilded palace by the most famous of

A SPOILED BREAKFAST.

European chefs, and from gold plate, was more keenly enjoyed than this one given by Lieut. Morton. There was a quaint grace-after-meat sometimes used by the boys that might have suited the occasion, which was as follows: "Thanks be to the Lord, I had a vacant place inside for the mercies provided!"

VIRGINIA HAMS ARE JUSTLY CELEBRATED, and I can speak very confidently, too, as to their qualities, which later I had abundant opportunities of testing, and did not neglect them. In these days of peace and reconciliation, I here return my thanks for the many luxuries the Virginians, including many of the "first families," were enabled to provide us with.

Necessity soon changed the views of both the civil and military authorities as to the expediency as well as the morality of foraging.

Stonewall Jackson was hurrying for a more southerly and more congenial climate, and encamped that night about 15 miles ahead of us. Of course, such haste was both eccentric and demoralizing.

Banks halted for a few days at Strasburg for supplies, but detachments of the 1st W. Va. and 1st Mich. Cav. proceeded as far as Woodstock on the 25th, where they had somewhat of a scrimmage with Ashby, Jackson continuing his flight to Mount Jackson, about 12 miles farther on and about 40 miles from Kernstown, supposing that Banks's infantry was in close pursuit. From here he wrote Gen. J. E. Johnston, on the Rapidan, that he had fallen back, but "designed retarding" our advance to Mount Jackson; that if forced beyond New Market, would continue to retreat up the Valley, and was "thankful to hear" that he was to be reinforced. Our cavalry returning to Strasburg, he seems to have imagined that Banks was retreating, and wrote to Johnston the day following: "The enemy has fallen back, and I have ordered pursuit"; when he marched his troops the 12 miles back again to Woodstock, after having rallied them about 24 miles beyond Strasburg and danger from Banks, and 12 miles beyond Ashby, supposed to be covering his rear. But in the same dispatch he said: "The enemy may soon have me retreating again." A true prophecy. On the 27th he wrote that Banks was still at Strasburg, and numbered 34,000 infantry, on information, he said, "entitled to more than ordinary confidence." April 1, Col. Gordon, of the 2d Mass., with a brigade of Williams's Division, reached Edenburg from Strasburg, about 17 miles, with little if any loss, though Ashby harassed the advance somewhat, and received a bullet-hole through his cap, which the people of Woodstock said he exhibited with some pride. Jackson himself, receiving timely warning, ran back again beyond Mount Jackson with the main body. Gordon's Brigade was soon replaced by Shields's Division, under Kimball; and we lay at Edenburg about two weeks, waiting for supplies, which had to be hauled in wagons for about 40 miles, and probably for the first time the orders as to foraging were relaxed, on account of freshets, though receipts were given to the people from whom provisions were taken.

GUESSING AT THE STRENGTH OF OUR ARMY.

On the 3d, Jackson had lowered his estimate of Banks's numbers, putting them at 17,000, and wrote to Longstreet that if he received 5,000 infantry and six pieces of artillery, he would make a stand and possibly advance; thought it a good idea of Longstreet's to draw Banks on, but was not sanguine of getting him beyond Mount Jackson. He had been informed that Shields's arm was to be amputated, and with no certainty of saving of his life. But on the 5th he wrote to Longstreet (on erroneous information) that Shields had "left Winchester and come forward." A sudden change takes place in his opinion, and he now puts Banks's force at 22,000 (in fact, about 12,000 in all, including Shields) and wants 17,000 more men and 12 pieces of artillery before he will attack. Indeed, even with that number, he said he thought it more prudent to "so threaten the enemy's rear so as to induce him to fall back, and thus enable him to attack whilst retreating"; for, as he said, "as Shields's Division is composed principally of Western troops, who are familiar with the use of arms, we must count on hard fighting to rout Banks, if attacked only in front, and may meet with obstinate resistance however the attack may be made." He had certainly not forgotten his lesson at Kernstown, and his fears must have magnified his enemy's numbers.

After a time, as Banks remained stationary, Jackson cautiously crept down and occupied the hights south of the village, being aware of our inability to move for want of supplies, we occupying the hights north, both forces, as he said, "being in strong positions."

Banks, in writing to McClellan as to Jackson's force, said: "The force is much demoralized by defeat, desertion and the general depression of spirits resting upon the Southern army. He is not in condition to attack, neither to make strong resistance"; and further said that he was "ready at any time" to move as far as supplies permitted.

Shields wrote from Winchester to Washington: "I hope in a few days to be able to ride in a buggy at the head of my command."

However, while banks was halting, Jackson was recruiting his strength, and by the 12th again numbered between 6,000 and 7,000. Ewell, just east of the Blue Ridge, was also at his disposal, with nearly 10,000 of as good troops as there were in the Confederacy.

Edenburg was fitly named, doubtless from its beautiful situation in a secluded vale between towering mountains. It was composed principally of one straggling street—the Valley turnpike—which ran here nearly east and west along the bank of a tumbling stream (Stony Creek) which turned the wheels of several mills as it passed, and had found itself again after being lost at Lost River, by bursting from the mountain's side near by.

The Provost-Marshal's office was in that of Dr. Bellew, the village doctor, which was attached to his residence and looked out upon the stream and deep groves of arbor vitæ on the other side, where, not far off, the pickets of the opposing forces were posted. The office was the center for discussing war gossip and other subjects, and I passed much of my time there.

It was customary for the batteries to salute each other morning and evening from the opposite hights, and the good people of the village—men, women and children—over whose heads the shells passed whizzing, seemed to become quite reconciled to the nuisance; though, of course, prayers and petitions would have availed them nothing in abating it. I only remember one casualty—that of a poor fellow who

HAD HIS HEAD KNOCKED OFF

by a shell, not far from where I happened to be standing, whose name I cannot recall. Though, one morning, Kimball, Tyler, and some other officers had, perhaps, a somewhat narrow escape. They were about entering a farmhouse on the hights for breakfast, when the enemy got their range and drove them back, very suddenly, too, spoiling their breakfast, and deferring it until dinner.

Jackson's plans, of any importance, were all laid down for him by Lee, Johnston and Longstreet, as far as they could be at that distance. It will be understood that the Massanutten Mountain lay just east, extending north and south, and that the only egress from the Valley at the east, from Strasburg to Harrisonburg, was at New Market, about 15 miles south of Edenburg. Jackson could have brought over Ewell, and the two forces would have exceeded 16,000 men, greatly outnumbering Banks, but he was afraid to fight, although Lee was at all times anxious for him to strike a blow. It seems singular that Jackson could so greatly overestimate the force of Banks, (who estimated his numbers to within a hundred or so, and even guessed his plans and outlined them in a letter to McClellan,) which gives room for suspecting that he did so designedly, in order to avoid meeting the "Western troops," as he called the men of Shields's Division from Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania; and, perhaps it is unnecessary to say, Generals have been known who did such things purposely. In a letter to Longstreet he wrote: "It appears to me that Banks will either

ADVANCE OR FALL BACK

before many days, as forage around him is scarce. Should he advance, I believe it will not for the present be for more than a few miles, so that he will be able to supply his army more easily. He is very cautious. As he belongs to McClellan's army, I suppose that McClellan is at the helm, and that he would not, even if Banks so desired, permit him to advance much farther until other parts of his army are farther advanced."

To Ewell he wrote on the 12th from Mount Jackson: "Should I fall back in consequence of the enemy's advancing, I will let you know immediately, when, according to the present arrangement, Gen. Johnston expects you to fall back behind the Rapidan, and from that point reinforce me if necessary. Your route will be from Rapidan to Swift Run Gap via Madison Courthouse. A deserter, who came in this morning, reports that there are 34 regiments in front of me, say between here and Strasburg. He puts all of Banks's force at near 39,000, omitting Geary's, viz, Shields's 9,000, Williams's 10,000, and Banks's additional command, 20,000. Artillery he believes about 60 pieces. My own opinion is that the infantry force in my front is not over 25,000, and probably not over 22,000. I am well satisfied from reliable information from other quarters that the deserter's estimate is too large."

Banks, in fact, still numbered but little over 12,000 all told. The deserter in question was probably guarding some Confederate house, taken prisoner, brought before Jackson and threatened, with a view to extracting information, which he seems to have given very fully and in a manner that he thought would be most beneficial to the Union forces. Of course, Jackson had no reason to place the slightest reliance upon such testimony, but some officers were prone to give considerable credence to the reports of so-called deserters; and being among his own people, he had abundant opportunities, and better than Banks, for getting accurate information.

At 9:15 p. m. the same day he was personally at New Market, about seven miles farther south, and again wrote to Ewell: "The enemy has advanced in force to Mount Jackson. I am falling back via Harrisonburg to Swift Run Gap. Please move early to-morrow morning to Swift Run Gap." This was a false alarm, and, in his excitement or well-known absence of mind, he seems to have given up the plan that had been agreed upon between him and Ewell, and moreover had all along, strange to say, been confused in his geography, as will be seen, which caused the Generals to act at cross purposes, making confusion and vexation. In his letters to Ewell of the 13th and 14th, which disclose his plans, his false alarm as to Banks's advance and his mistake in geography, he said: "All is quiet in front. If I fall back, we should effect a junction on the road leading from Madison Courthouse to New Market. This will prevent our missing each other. My impression is that Gen. Johnston was of the opinion that this road crossed the Blue Ridge at Swift Run Gap, but such is not the case; its name is Fisher's Gap, and we should meet the enemy this side of Fisher's Gap a short distance. Swift Run Gap is where the road from Harrisonburg to Gordonsville crosses the Blue Ridge. Until yesterday I was under the impression that Swift Run Gap was at Fisher's Gap.

I DO NOT EXPECT THAT BANKS WILL FOLLOW ME."

On the 14th he wrote: "Unless you have instructions upon the subject requiring you to fall back, I am of the opinion that you had better not do so, and especially not toward Madison Courthouse, as the enemy may hear of it and suspect that you are reinforcing me. On the 8th instant Gen. Johnston wrote